

## GRAND RAPIDS HERALD

## TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Business Office 231  
Editorial Rooms 100

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

DAILY and SUNDAY, One Year \$6.00  
DAILY and SUNDAY, Three Months 1.50  
SUNDAY, One Year 2.00  
WEEKLY, One Year 1.00

It will be generally fair today with light rain, and warmer, with much wind.

## REJECT THE BIDS.

Acting upon the advice of THE HERALD the board of supervisors at its meeting yesterday reconsidered the action awarding the contract for furnishing vault fixtures to one of the competing companies. By an almost unanimous vote all action and legislation heretofore taken or had in relation to vault fixtures was rescinded. Two members of the board, for reasons best known to themselves but inexplicable to the average man, declined to vote. Under the circumstances and especially with the exposure of the combine fully before it, the board could have taken no different action. That it did it, and promptly at that, is highly creditable to the sagacity and intelligence of the members who voted. A question arises as to whether the action in rescinding all legislation on the vault fixtures bids amounts to a rejection of the bids. So far as the other bids are concerned, they were rejected when the successful bid was accepted. In rescinding all legislation on the subject it would follow that the accepted bid was nullified and repudiated. To avoid any legal quibbles it would be well for the board to pass a resolution specifically rejecting each and every the bids submitted by the parties to the combine. Under the well known rule of law that fraud vitiates all contracts, if it can be shown that the bidders conspired and combined to cheat the county, no action of any kind will be necessary by the board. But, as above intimated, it will be better to put up the bars by rejecting the bids in a plain, emphatic and unmistakable resolution to that effect.

## GRIP NOT CONTAGIOUS.

Dr. George F. Shady, of New York, one of the most expert as well as eminent physicians in the country, says that perfect hygiene, including light, airy rooms, good wholesome food and plenty of exercise are the best preventives of the grip. Especially should one get a sufficient amount of sleep. With sleep almost any amount of hard work is possible. The theory that overwork fosters and breeds the grip is a fallacy. If the statistics of the fatality of this disease were published and each case individually investigated, it would be found that a majority of those possessed of low vitality were the victims. Without complications, chronic diseases, pulmonary complaints especially, the grip would be comparatively harmless. In consideration of the fact, then, that the grip cannot be considered a disease by itself, the best precaution is to live in such a way that our constitutions are able to withstand its ravages. To keep free from its attacks one should wear warm clothing next to the person. Adopt a plain nourishing diet, and take meals regularly. Avoid late hours. Keep indoors as much as possible, especially at night. Shun crowded places, public meetings, etc. When in the open air keep in motion. Avoid wetting the feet. On entering the house, remove overcoat or wraps at once. Keep away from those suffering from the disease. In a word, avoid exposure and excess, adopt regular habits and live well. It has been claimed that the grip is contagious. One man has written to prove that it never occurs in prisons, where people are isolated, but is always communicated from one person to another, and that it is usually done by means of the expectation of the sick persons. But the general history of the trouble militates so much against the idea of contagion that the prevailing medical opinion is that it is not contagious.

## TURN ON THE HOSE.

Wired Edison has discovered a deadly missile of warfare, which, he boasts, will quite revolutionize the present system of defense and attack. He proposes to fill a fort with the necessary machinery for generating electricity in the form of alternating currents which are to be sent on the enemy by a stream of water sent through a large hose of sufficient resistance to withstand heavy pressure. Instead of the time-honored command: "Ready, take aim, fire!" the new code of orders will prescribe "Turn the hose on him." It is urged that by the hose process the advancing enemy will be first shocked and then knocked silly. A whole army may be felled flat in the dirt while an apparently harmless shower from the hose falls on their dusty haversacks. In case of a naval engagement the hose could be held at an angle so that the decks of the formidable monitors would be flooded with the deadly current. The fluid would leak through the hatchways and spurt into the periscope, sending shock and destruction to the men-of-war's men. A town could be bombarded with the hose, the streets flooded and the inhabitants before they became aware that an enemy was making their destruction. Then, too, the hose can be used for discipline in our own ranks. A sentence of court-martial could be executed by simply pointing the nozzle at the condemned and unswerving the hydrant. Of course Mr. Edison has

taken into account the fact that the most powerful hose under the most powerful pressure is incapable of throwing a stream over four hundred feet. This, however, does not detract from the value of his new annihilator. He will wait while the enemy gets within hose shot, although the enemy may take a position five miles away and fire a carload of shells into his electrical fort. When he does move up he will turn the hose on and wipe him from the face of the earth. Mr. Edison is a great success in producing electrical devices for facilitating the arts, science and commerce, but his war-hose will prove to be a dismal failure.

## INTER-STATE COMMERCE.

Quite a good deal of speculation is being made as to the present status of the inter-state commerce law. The commission itself appears to have been shorn of its authority by the decision in the Counselman case, and lawyers are disposed to look upon it as a fourth or fifth rate bureau for regulating interstate traffic. The decision in the Counselman case simply reaffirms a rule of law incorporated into the fifth amendment to the constitution, which provides that no person shall be compelled to give testimony, in a court of law, which would expose him to the liability of an indictment for a criminal offense. In Counselman's case he was ordered to produce his books, which, it was claimed, would show that the railway companies had allowed him rebates, and that he had received the same contrary to the law. He availed himself of his constitutional right and declined to produce the books. An issue was thereupon raised and the case was taken on appeal to the supreme court. That august body held that the appellant was not bound to produce his books if he declined upon the ground that he could not do so without incriminating himself. The decision is unquestionably sound, for the constitutional amendment plainly excuses any witness who may seek to avoid committing himself on matters that could be used to his prejudice. Its effect upon the railway companies and heavy shippers will be in but one direction and that toward discrimination, the very thing the commission was called into existence to prevent. With the mouths of both railway officials and shippers sealed and their respective books closed to the commission it will be impossible to prevent freight and passenger rate discrimination. Judge Lindsay who declined a place on the commission says that the commission is a court without the power of a court to enforce its decrees. Congress has no power under the constitution to give it more power, and it would not do to lessen it. When the commission issues a decree it is disregarded; the supreme court is appealed to, and in many instances its decrees are reversed. He asserts that the commission is "valuable as a moral influence in the country," but railroad corporations are not noted for yielding to moral forces. From all of which it would seem that the commission is worth preserving only to give several gentlemen fat offices at corrupt salaries.

The railroad passenger statistics compiled by the board of trade are puzzling railroad officials exceedingly. The figures show that during 1920 523,030 passengers left Grand Rapids, and only 482,973 came in. There is a difference in favor of the outgoing passengers of 40,057, and yet the city is said to have grown some. The inevitable conclusion is that they "went broke" and came back afoot, or else that Grand Rapids is a paradise for wet nudes.

WHILE Queen Victoria was making arrangements to pull the mote of rabbit coursing out of the eyes of her subjects, some disrespectful Briton called attention to the "back-bowd" beam which is occupying a goodly portion of the royal opal. The practice is one of the cruelest among all the barbarities of court hunting, and the vicious and contemptible system should be put to an end.

COMMANDER SCHLEY takes exception to the report made by a Chilean high official who says that Riggins, one of the men shot in the Baltimore incident, was killed by a bullet from a pistol. Schley says it was from a rifle. There is no dispute over the fact that Riggins was shot and killed. It is a hopeful sign that there is at least one point upon which both sides agree.

Now the Chicago papers are claiming that the street railway company of that city is trying to steal a slice of Lincoln Park. Chicago should move over to a city near Grand Rapids where the street railway company is given everything it wishes, and isn't obliged to resort to dishonorable methods.

FRANCIS E. WILLARD, in behalf of 200,000 members of the W. C. T. U., has telegraphed to President Harrison petitioning for peace. If American women demand peace, the dogs of war might just as well curl their tails and crawl behind the stove.

ENOS wants to wash Chili with a hose that will pour out 20,000 volts of electricity. Uncle Sam might experience a little difficulty in finding volunteers to hold the nozzle.

CHICAGO stands appalled in the face of a water famine. What would be its terror if the Milwaukee breweries should suspend operations?

Faces the present state of the affairs. It is suspected that John Lawrence Sullivan is engineering our prospective "merap" with Chili.

MR. MILLER politely yet firmly reiterates and reaffirms his decision not to take any of the morsels of crow falling from the speaker's desk. Rather than

be a chairman he will remain in the ranks and eat the hardtack of recentment all his life.

Don't take it too much at heart, Detroit. You made a good fight, but Chicago's modesty caught the committee.

Chicago is always up to the times. The Journal now proposes to establish a morgue at every railroad crossing.

## AMUSEMENTS.

**Powers' "Four Jonathan."**  
"Four Jonathan" is a poor opera when compared with "The Beggar Student" by the same author. It's music is ordinary, and it is devoid of that sparkle and inspiration which lasts upon the memory—what is usually termed popular and catchy. The Concord company is a well-trained organization, and had a large audience at advanced prices. It was a good presentation, such as auditors ought to get for a dollar, and the gall of the Concord management is therefore noticeable. In the cast is A. W. McCollin, an old favorite here, who was restrained to straight comedy in the titular part. Miss Myra Mirella won favor for singing "Harriet," and Fannie Hall was plump and happy as "Molly." Viewed as a whole, the work of the company was commendable, but the opera will never be popular or long-lived. The author has attempted to invest it with an American theme and colors, and in his effort it is very apparent that he did not understand his subject.

## General Mention.

Tonight at Powers' Prof. Gleason will encounter three very vicious horses, horses which are termed "any-ers" afraid of paper, steam whistles and fourth of July firecrackers. These three are prizes as they belong to the aristocracy—the equine 400—and are valued at five hundred dollars each. Another addition to the program will be two ugly kickers and a stallion who is so unapproachable that he has never been harnessed. Prof. Gleason states that this will be the most enterprising exhibition he has ever given. It will tickle horse owners and horse enthusiasts.

Master Brady, the boy magician, will give every child attending the museum tomorrow afternoon a novel trick. Besides this a lot of large balloons will be let go from the roof of the theater and a thousand pennies will be scattered for the museum.

The Wilbur company have held their production of "The Masquerade," for Sunday night at Powers'. The prices will be the same as at Redmond's and it is a certainty that the house will be packed.

Agnes Herndon will open her engagement at Redmond's next Sunday evening.

Prof. Norton B. Smith had a good attendance at Hartman hall last evening.

Two presentations of the excellent olio bill at Smith's will be given today.

Prof. Gleason will resume his engagement at Powers' this evening.

## THEY WERE TAUGHT.

**A Case Where Army Discipline Was Triumphant.**

The commandant of a certain division of the British army in India some years ago having a very considerable degree of authority vested in him, and perceiving that his command included many men who were illiterate, issued an order that one of the younger lieutenants should be detailed in each regiment to teach soldiers who could not read or write. In each regiment, therefore, an officer was duly detailed for this purpose. In the Two Hundredth the man assigned to this duty was Lieutenant Becham, a young officer who had just joined the regiment.

After taking the introductory steps as regimental schoolmaster Becham came to the colonel one day with a significant smile on his face.

"I have to report," he said, "that there is not a single illiterate in the Two Hundredth. Every man has been to school in England, and every one of them can read and write perfectly well."

The colonel, who was an unbending old martinet, frowned severely.

"No matter," said he. "Orders are orders, and must be obeyed. You must teach the illiterates of this regiment."

"But there are no illiterates!"

"Never mind! You will organize some at once."

"But how am I going to make them?"

"No further questions, Mr. Becham. I shall issue an order to the captains of Companies A, B and C to detail five men from each company to act as illiterates, and you will give them daily instruction in the alphabet."

The colonel's order was issued at once. Fifteen soldiers of the Two Hundredth were detailed as illiterates. Once a day they were marched out upon the parade, with "primers" in their hands of the same sort from which they had studied in school many years before, and were gravely taught their letters by young Lieutenant Becham, though the alphabet was as familiar to them as it was to him, or to the commanding general himself.

The soldiers of the regiment had gathered about and enjoyed the scene. After this pleasing farce had been going on for several days, the colonel strolled up one day to the place where "Becham's Babies," as the regiment called the "illiterate detachment" were reciting their lessons.

"Mr. Becham," he asked, "is your class making favorable progress?"

"Very favorable, indeed," said the lieutenant, saluting.

"The men are now able to read and write?"

"Perfectly well."

"You are able to report, then, that your duty is fully accomplished?"

"I am."

"Then an order will be issued terminating the detail and returning the men to their duty."

Thus the "illiterates" of the Two Hundredth were no longer called upon to take daily instructions in their A, B, C; but it was many months before their comrades ceased to rally them in quarters upon their school going.—Youth's Companion.

**A LIFE.**  
Lying low in the creek,  
Trander and sweet and true  
Wandering at the pictures  
Mung on the stately wall.

Tumbling about the carpet,  
Full of his baby life;  
Climbing over the doorpost,  
Nothing so sweet as he.

Ambling along to the orchestra  
Playing at bat and ball,  
Bly kissing his sweetheart  
Under the orchard wall.

On the floor at the cottage  
Sporting a golden ring  
Dreaming of love and dream  
Never a thought of pain.

Buried in the seething vortex,  
Battling for life and right;  
Watching his bright star rising,  
Guiding him in the light.

Standing before the altar;  
Love there holding sway  
Vowing to love and cherish—  
The last will bind for aye.

Watching beside a deathbed,  
Praying silently and great;  
Seeing the shadow flitting  
Over the dear, white face.

Waiting for death to free him  
From early scenes and strife;  
A marble slab in the churchyard,  
Gleams the dream—Life.

—St. Louis Republic.

## A CLAMVILLE TRAGEDY.

**How Green Goods Men Work in the Rural Districts.**

**A Portentous Looking Document Which Surprised the Receiver—The Adventures of a Long Island Deacon with a Sawdust Grog.**

Zedekiah Salter kept a general store in the village of Clamville, way down on Long Island. He was a member of the little wooden church with the squat red steeple, and on one occasion, many years ago, there was talk of running him for supervisor. So Zedekiah was quite a personage.

It was one day in early May, when everything was green and hopeful, that the worthy deacon received a letter in a strange handwriting. He was sitting at his desk at the furthest end of the counter; there were no customers in the store and he was casting his eyes over some accounts when the letter brought the morning mail. The letter with the strange handwriting seemed to protrude itself from the bundle and Zedekiah found himself puzzling over the bold, round hand.

It was a portentous looking letter, maybe a summons to court. There was a frown on Zedekiah's face as he opened the envelope.

There were two inclosures. First a circular neatly printed on heavy paper, and wrapped around that a neat type-written letter. Both circular and letter spoke direct to the deacon's heart.

Here is what the circular said: "LONG ISLAND CITY, L. I., May 15, 1921. Zedekiah Salter, Esq.—Dear Sir: Judging you to be a man of business capacity in whom I can place confidence and also in a position to handle my goods in safety, I have concluded to write to you. If I have made a mistake in matters drop. My principle is: 'Never wrong a man who is willing to prove himself a friend.' This business can be carried on by anyone who will devote a little time and attention to it. I guarantee that if you enter into this one, you will never regret it as long as you live. My stock is in different sizes, one, two, three and four, and are as perfect as human skill can make them, and can be easily disposed of; if you conclude to answer this letter and when I know your men business, I will then send you full terms and particulars, and I will endeavor to satisfy you on every point, that if you are my friend, I will prove a true and honest one to you. Do you understand? Remember I am simply to convince you that I am just as I say, a friend to a friend. When you write be sure and send me your name and post office address as I might lose the one I now have before hearing from you again. I can and will help you out of any money troubles you may be in, and no one on the face of the earth need be the wiser unless you betray me. Remember, I do not ask one single dollar of you until you have seen my whole stock; pick out what you want and have the goods in your possession, then you can pay me. I alone manufacture these goods."

"Trusting that you will take no offense from the above and that we will become better acquainted, I remain, your confidently,"

"P. B.—Please answer promptly." The letter went into interesting details:

"DEAR SIR—I am desirous of obtaining a good, shrewd agent in your locality to handle my 'medicines.' The last owner hereabouts gives me the information that could be desired and explains itself. It's a sure cure for the 'blue' (read on). An opportunity to make an independent fortune like this has never crossed your path before, and in all probability, never will again as long as you live. There's no reason why you should be a slave and toil all of your life for nothing. If you are foolish enough to let a 'golden chance' like this pass you by, you will regret it. If you are wise and want financial assistance—now or never is your time. In years to come, should you ever find yourself sadly in need of 'cash' or need to keep body and soul together, you will have no one to blame for your troubles but only yourself! This is serious and highly important food for thought! Your sober and earnest attention should be given to every word in this letter. A person who takes the usual 'riddle'—the 'sawdust'—and is not a little on to the world, isn't this true? I know where I speak; in former years I have drank from the 'bitter cup' myself. A hint to the wise is sufficient."

"If you have not the money to buy my goods, I would consent to your taking some confidential friend in with you who has, provided, of course, that your confidential friend is a man of business capacity and is not a 'fool' or a 'dumb' man. You could both then come on together and make the deal. However, you would be very foolish to take anyone in with you if you could raise enough money yourself."

"I know it is quite a journey for you to make, but think of the handsome profits to be made with no risk, comparatively speaking, what ever. And, as far as the expense is concerned, I always make a liberal allowance to cover the same. Make up your mind to come on. I know you will always be thankful for your visit to me. You will find me a square and honorable white man in every particular. When you arrive here, I will show you my entire stock, from which you can make your own selection. Then, if my goods are not all that I claim for them, and are not so fine as the inclosure speaks of, I will make you a present of \$5.00 in gold, and also cheerfully pay all expenses incurred upon your journey. That's all enough, isn't it? My prices are as follows: \$500 gets 10,000, \$600 gets 15,000, \$700 gets 20,000, \$800 gets 25,000, \$900 gets 30,000. The more you invest the cheaper you get the goods. The store runs from 1 to 10. Three hundred dollars worth of my goods is positively the very smallest amount I will sell under any circumstances. If you will invest \$100 or more I will agree to give you the exclusive store right. Now, should you wish to do business with me, you must show the following material to me, and do only as I tell you."

"First—Don't let any one see you, or write a letter to me until I give you permission. If you do, it will be refused. Next I must check your credit and financial standing. Then sign a release between us (will and) and

"Second—If you wish to come on here and see me, send the following telegram (remember telegrams only will be received), and simply say: 'Send instructions.' Then sign your name as per 'password' and number given you."

With all under any circumstances. If you will invest \$100 or more I will agree to give you the exclusive store right. Now, should you wish to do business with me, you must show the following material to me, and do only as I tell you."

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With all under any circumstances. If you will invest \$100 or more I will agree to give you the exclusive store right. Now, should you wish to do business with me, you must show the following material to me, and do only as I tell you."

"Third—On receipt of your telegram I will send you full instructions how to meet me, and where to stop. Then no mistake will be made in finding me another. In conclusion I wish to say if you cannot come on here, or have not \$100 to invest, simply let the matter drop until you hear from me again. The will certainly occur before the expiration of thirty days. Now, kindly allow me to caution you again not to write letters. Be patient and wait until you hear from me. You must be guided by my advice. If you do, you are bound to succeed. No ever thing as fall. Act square. Be true and honorable. Do me no harm and you will never regret it as long as you live. You can make money faster and easier by dealing in my goods than you ever dreamed of before in your life. Won't you try it?"

"Caution—No other person is now authorized by me to correspond on the subject. Do not be deceived by shoddy imitations. I am the sole owner and proprietor of the genuine formula. Communications from others offering similar goods are absolutely unreliable and positively worthless. Pay no attention to them. 'Wanted.' Terms very satisfactory. You know."

Zedekiah stood for a whole hour turning the letter and circular over. His elbows were planted on his desk, his brow was puckered thoughtfully. The letter was very startling. Who was this Wilson who suddenly started out of the ground offering unlimited gold?

The deacon was fifty years of age. The world, the flesh and the devil had long lost attractiveness and power to tempt him, so he firmly believed, but now all the ungratified ambitions and aspirations of his life rose up, though some of them had been dead for thirty years. "There's no reason why you should be a slave and toil all your life for nothing," said Wilson. The deacon had never observed before that he was a slave, but now that his attention was called to it it seemed true enough.

When night came and Zedekiah sent up his pious petition Mr. Wilson's proposal was remembered by the insertion of these words:

"And permit Thy servant to do business with this man. For Thou knowest the ungratified of this place, that they would not consult Thee. Therefore withhold not Thy servant, who would make good use of wealth."

Zedekiah tossed all night, uneasy in conscience. At breakfast he gave very short answers to his wife and was short with the children. After he arrived at the store he wrote this letter:

"CLAMVILLE, L. I., May 15, 1921.—Mr. Charles Wilson—Dear Sir: Your letter received and contents noted. I don't have much to say to you, but I cannot help mentioning the fact that I am deacon of the Clamville church. As a business man I thank you for your generous offer. As a deacon I am bound to ensure that there is nothing wrong in this matter. I am, sir, your very humble servant, ZEDEKIAH SALTER."

"P. S.—I hope to hear from you soon."

For two days after he had dispatched the letter the deacon went about like a man distracted. At the end of the third day there came a letter addressed to him in the bold round hand of the mysterious Wilson. It was opened in a second and the deacon was devouring it behind a pile of boxes, regardless of the customers waiting for him.

If he had expected Wilson to argue with him the moral questions involved in their proposed scheme he was greatly mistaken. There were three inclosures. A letter, a newspaper clipping and a two-dollar bill. Here is what the letter said:

"DEAR SIR: In sending you a sample of my goods I am breaking one of the strictest rules of my business, but I do it this time because I think that you mean business and because I think that you will be true to me, now. If you are writing out of curiosity this sample will not satisfy you, but if you mean business you can judge paper, printing, engraving, etc., just as well from this as from five hundred samples; all my stock is exactly like sample, and when you come here, if you find any difference at all, then you need not buy one dollar's worth and I will pay all your cash and give you \$10.00 in gold for your trouble. Make up your mind to enter into this and I swear to you that I will assist you to make a safe fortune. Hoping you and I will soon meet, I remain

"Yours in confidence."

The deacon took a two-dollar bill of the same issue from his till and compared it with the counterfeit's sample while the boy ran the store. After a time he pronounced a microscope. There was not the least difference observable. After a time he read the newspaper clipping and this explained all. It related to the arrest of an alleged counterfeit named Wilson in New York and his acquittal in the First district court after the one hundred thousand dollars he carried in his traveling bag had been examined by government experts, who had been summoned from Washington for the purpose. The experts said:

"We find that the United States treasury notes, which we have examined were printed from genuine plates used by former workmen in the printing bureau. It may also not be amiss to inform the court that the secret service department has long been aware that some person had possession of a set of genuine plates supposed to have been furnished by one of the engravers in the engraving bureau."

"Here the prisoner's counsel asked the government experts if they would swear that the bills examined by them were counterfeit, and the acknowledgment of every member of the grand jury they replied that they would not, in fact could not, as they were positive the bills were as good as any issued by the government. Make up your mind that there was not much shilly-shally in the paper of the bills found on the prisoner as in the genuine bills belonging to the United States. The fact, so stated the expert, lays in the counterfeit character observed in the treasury department in allowing the workmen to handle government plates, printing ink, dies, etc., as they wished."

"The judge had no other alternative than to instruct the jury to discharge the prisoner."

The deacon sat at his desk till darkness came down, his elbows were planted in front of him, his chin rested in his hands; he was thinking very hard. At last he got down and prepared to close up the store. "Tain't no counterfeit at all. It's good money. Where's the harm if I can buy thirty thousand dollars for one thousand dollars so long as it is all good money?"

After the deacon closed up the store he wrote this letter and got it in the last mail:

"CLAMVILLE, L. I., May 15, 1921."

"MR. CHARLES WILSON:—Being that the money is good I see no harm. I will call on you any place you name. I am a man of experience who will stand no trifling, but can be a good friend to you if you are as you say. Will bring one thousand dollars."

ZEDEKIAH SALTER.

Promptly after two days of waiting came an answer from Wilson:

"LONG ISLAND CITY, May 15, 1921."

"ZEDEKIAH SALTER, Esq.:—Dear Sir—You will never regret your visit if you come on. Meet at 9:30 o'clock on the train of May 15 at 10 o'clock. Long Island City. There is a clock in the house. At precisely 10:30 by this clock I will be standing at the barefoot door holding my hat in one hand and my right hand on my head, and I will be waiting for you. You must come on. I will send a telegram to Charles Wilson, Mr. Adams street, Long Island City. Your 'password' and sign is—'Cody' and 'Cody' and sign anything else."

"Do not let any one see you, or write the numbers (signing anything) on telegrams after you sign the word 'Cody'; otherwise your telegram will positively receive no attention. The figure is very important."

Zedekiah drew five hundred dollars from the bank and enquired his store for five hundred dollars more. To raise the one thousand dollars he had money.

and Wilson taxed all his resources, but he managed it. On the afternoon of the 15th of May he took the train for Long Island City and telegraphed Wilson as directed. On the morning of the 15th at precisely 9:30 o'clock they met. Wilson was smiling and affable and the deacon very serious.

After offering refreshments, which were refused, Wilson took his guest to his office, reached by devices taking about many cross streets. Opening a black satchel he took out packages after packages of new and beautiful greenbacks.

"Take a bill, any one you please, from one of these packages and we will go out and break it," he said.

The deacon selected a five-dollar bill from the middle of a stack three inches high. They had not the least difficulty in passing the bill in a neighboring store.

"Now let us get to business," said Wilson, when they had returned to his office. He undid the packages of money and counted the bills. Then he passed them on to the deacon, who counted for himself.

"